

Welcome to *Israel* and to *David's* Breast!
Here all your Toils, here all your Sufferings Rest.

This year did *Ziloh* Rule *Jerusalem*,
And boldly all Sedition's Syrge stem,
How e're incumbred with a viler Pair
Than *Ziph* or *Shimei* to assist the Chair ;
Yet *Ziloh's* loyal Labours so prevail'd
That Faction at the next Election fail'd,
VVhen ev'n the common Cry did Justice Sound,
And Merrit by the Multitude was Crown'd :
VVith *David* then was *Israel's* Peace restord,
Crowds Mournd their Errour and Obey'd their Lord.

F I N I S.

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TOWSER

THE
SECOND
A
BULL-DOG.

Or a short Reply to *AB SALON* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

IN pious times when Poets were well bang'd
For fawcy Satyr and for Sham-Plots hang'd,
A Learned Bard, that long commanded had
The trembling Stage in Chief, at last run mad,

And Swore and tore and ranted at no rate.

Apollo and his *Muses* in debate
What to do witt him, one cry'd, let him Blood,
That says, another will do little good;
His Brains infected sure, under his Nose
We'l burn some Feathers of *Peru*, who knows
But that may bring him to himself again?
Ay, for some time says *Clio*; she was more
For Opiates, others for *Hellebore*.

Apollo having heard all they could say,
Rose up and thankt them said, he'de try a way
He hop'd would do, then call'd a Noble Friend
Well verst in Men, and beg'd of him to spend
Some time and pains upon this wretch, which he,
Agreeing to, went presently to work,
Open'd his head, saw where the Maggots lurk,
Took many of them out, put them in Sut,
Then Added *Mercury* and *Nitre* to't,
Mixt and infus'd them well, and after all,
Distil'd them in a Limbeck Comical,
And drew a Spirit very Sovereign,
For those are troubled with the fitts o'th Brain,
And gave our Poet some, all he could make
The peevish, Squeamish, self-wil'd Coxcomb take.
It did him good and cur'd him of those Fitts:
But 'twas too little to restore his Wits:
For since he has gin' ore to Plague the Stage
With the effects of his Poetick rage,
Like a mad Dog he runs about the Streets,
Snarling and biting every one he meets.
The other day he met our Royal *CHARLES*,
And his two Mistresses, and at them Snarles,
Then falls upon the Ministers of State
Treats them all A-la-mode de Billingsgate:

But



But most of all, the glory of our gown;
He must be bark't at, Drivil'd, pist upon.
He whose soft tongue had charmes enough t'affwage
The Tygers fierceness, could not scape the rage
Of this same whifling Cur; poor Cerberous,
That taught the Rogue to bark, was serv'd just thus.
This Vipers brood, contrary to all Laws,
The torn out Entrails of his Parent knaws.
He gives no quarter, spairs no friend, nor foe,
And where he once gets hold, never lets go
Until he breaks a tooth, which he hath done
So oft of late, that he hath few or none
Left in his mouth. Nay which is worst of all
On his Physician he does always fall,
And find him out where e're he is and bawl
Eternally, taking in Evil part
What he good man did by the rules of art,
And for his good, assisted by a Set
Of the most able Leeches he could get;
Apollo vex't to see there was no more
Effect of Medicine, bid his friend give o're,
And sent some Chirurgions to him to anoint
The Carcase of the whelp in every Joyn't
With Oyl of Crab-tree, than which nothing fetches
The itching Venome out of Scribling Wretches
Better or sooner, but I know not how
It came to pass, with him it would not do.
For since his being anointed, he is run
Yelping with Towfer up and down the Town,
And crying out against an *Abosalon*
And an *Achitophel*. The Curr's had got
Between them in their Mouthes a new Sham-Plot,
The Twentieth of the Kings, some say indeed
It is the same that Mother *Celier* hid,
Deep in the Meal-tub, only new lick't o're
And brought to better shape by half a score
Of *Irish* Mongrels, newly fetcht from thence,
The best in *England* at an Evidence.
A little bribe will make them sware devoutly,
They're much more famous for their swearing stoutly,
Then for their fighting so, this kind of Cattel
Are better far at Roguery than Battel.
An *Irish* man's Antiwood-cock, cares
To venture nothing, but his head Ears.
This Copper coyn will never with us pass,
It looks so scurvily, nay it smells of Brasse,
How could you think this would be currant here,
That is not so at home? 'Tis cry'd down there:
What then shall we do now; faith you had best
Try *Scotland* next, now it hath past the Test:
Come hither my Dog Towfer, come, for I
A new Experiment intend to try,
I'll have thee worm'd, hold out thy Venomed Tongue,
What a huge Worm is here? 'Tis an inch Long,
And of the Jebusite smells very strong
If this won't do thou shalt be fairly hung.

F · J · N · J · S ·

L O N D O N , Printed for T. J. 1681.

TOWZER DISCOVER'D:
OR A

New Ballade ON AN



OLD DOG

That Writes *Strange-Lee*.

To the Tune of *Oh how unhappy a Lover am I.*

HOW unhappy a Mastiff am I,
to have all the Dogs of Renown,
Scratching their Tails and biting their Nails
for madness that I am in Town.

At Towzer they daily do bark,
A Towzer, a Towzer they cry;
Both the Commons and Peers would all shake my Ears,
I hardly know where to lie:

Poor Towzer they maul with Eggs,
And threaten him in every Street;
Let me die like a Dog if I know where to jogg:
For I fear even all that I meet.

I dare not walk out by day;
They set Dogs on the *Observator*:
If I walk in the Street, I fear all I meet,
But the Papists and my Creator.

The Papists will do me no harm,
My Creator will do me no good.
I'm a Son of a Bitch if I have not an Itch
To lick up the Protestant Blood.

That will make a Popish Cur fat,
And Towzer is such an one.
Oh the Times will be well, when my Belly doth swell,
With picking a Protestant Bone.

The